Chronicles and Letters

Francisco C. Xavier

Irmão X

Final Part

16

FREE POISON

You ask the discarnate spirits to speak about alcohol, about its ravages. It is, however, very difficult to string words together and define its influence.

The destructive effects of alcohol are often overlooked. While people fiercely fight against the snake, a threat to individuals, alcohol—which destroys thousands—moves freely and is even celebrated at social events when disguised as champagne or whiskey.

It slides down the throats of ministers with the same informality it does in the rogues perched on the street.

Alcohol's dangers are profound: it can drive respected artists insane, erode the character of devoted fathers, promote disease, and increase mental hospital populations. Addressing these facts publicly, especially in celebratory settings, is often dismissed or met with ridicule.

No one needs to write about the spirit, whether it's called vodka or sugarcane juice, rum or brandy, since the living chronicles, written by the spirit itself, are in the consumers themselves, abandoned to drunkenness. Also, in the crimes that the press describes with sensationalism, in the attacks of violence, and in the destroyed homes.

If commentators on similar demolitions should be called to the round table of public opinion, it is indispensable that the victims of beatings in the domestic sphere be brought to the forefront. The men and women of respectable lives who saw madness suddenly appear in the horror before the delirium of unconscious guardians and, above all, the gray-haired doctors in the hard task of alleviating human suffering.

What! Don't believe that we, poor disembodied intelligences, can write with more vigor the effects of the terrible calamity that flows, little by little. Perhaps that’s why the tragedies of alcoholism are almost always treated with a stiletto of sarcasm.
Believe me, irony has a long history.

It is part of Israeli folklore, in a popular story widely recorded in various countries by different authors, that Noah, the patriarch, after the great flood, was finishing preparations to plant the first vineyard on the still-wet earth, when the Spirit of Darkness appeared to him, asking insolently:
“What do you wish to raise now?”
“A vineyard,” replied the old man calmly.

The sinister visitor inquired about the expected fruits of the plantation.

“Yes,” clarified the kind old man, “they will be sweet and fragrant fruits. People will be able to enjoy them at any time after they are harvested. In addition, they will provide a miraculous juice that will easily turn into wine, a tasty elixir capable of lulling them into sweet delusions of happiness and rest...”

“I demand partnership in this crop!” shouted Satan arrogantly.

Noah, submissive, agreed without restriction, and the Evil Genius took charge of watering and fertilizing the land for proper cultivation. Soon after, with the intention of exalting cruelty, the evil partner removed four animals from the huge ark and began to fertilize and water with the saliva of the goat, the blood of the lion, the fat of the pig, and the excrement of the monkey.

In view of this, how many who give themselves over to the vice of drunkenness display the sadistic gestures and screams of a goat or the aggressiveness of a lion, when they do not fall into the stupidity of a pig or the mischief of monkeys.

This is the legend; however, my friend, as we are familiar with the concept of reincarnation, we are aware that alcohol, by temporarily intoxicating the spiritual body, throws the human mind into primitive vibratory states, abnormally detaining it in the condition of any animal.

17

AROUND PEACE

The clock chimed, marking eight o'clock, when Anacleto Silva awoke in the clear morning.

Outside, the sun promised even more intense heat, and the children were squabbling over trifles like the vague chirping of birds. Anacleto stretched out on the bed, relaxing his nerves, and, because he would begin work at nine.

Before getting up, he took the Gospel and read in the notes of the Apostle John, Chapter Fourteen, verse twenty-seven, the sublime words of the Heavenly Friend:
Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not be afraid.

- “I rejoice in the certainty that the peace of the Lord envelops the world. Wherever I am, I will receive the love of Christ, which assures tranquility around my path.

I know that Jesus' presence encompasses the entire Earth and that His influence governs our destinies.

I will thus enjoy peace among people.

The Eternal Benefactor is channeling all minds toward the victory of peace. Therefore, even if men offend me, I will seek to see in them my brothers whom Divine Power is transforming for general harmony.

I rejoice in the conviction that the Prince of Peace guides nations and, in this way, He will guarantee my well-being.

I will gather from Heaven the blessing of calm and remain on the foundations of understanding and righteousness, together with Humanity.

I praise the Lord for the peace He sends me today, hoping that He will sustain me in His peace, now and every day of my life."

After speaking fervently, he got up happily, but after a quick shower, he noticed that the thin pants he needed to wear to the office had been cut with a knife.

Suddenly distraught, he called for his wife in a loud voice.

Dona Horacina came, distressed, holding a sick little girl in her arms. She saw the battered garment and said sadly:

- What a pity! The boys are running around, and I'm busy with Sonia's pneumonia.

Far from reflecting on the serious illness of his infant daughter, Anacleto shouted:

- What a pity? Is that all you can find to say? Are you unaware that this garment cost me an arm and a leg?

The lady, without replying, went to an old wardrobe and brought him a garment similar to the one that had been torn.

Shortly afterwards, at breakfast, noticing the absence of milk, Anacleto complained irritably.
“Yes, yes,” explained the lady of the house, "I couldn't face the queue... I had to protect the little one..."

Silva swallowed a few swear words that were on the tip of his tongue, and when he opened the door, expecting the bus, his elderly father-in-law appeared, hat in his right hand, begging humbly:
"Anacleto, forgive me for intruding; however, our difficulties at home are so great today that I have come to ask you for a loan of five hundred cruzeiros..."

“Come on, come on...” replied the son-in-law, showing unjust anger, "where is your head? If I had five hundred cruzeiros in my pocket, I wouldn't go out now to face the jaguar of life.

At that moment, a car honked its horn in the distance, but drove by without responding to his signal. “Damn them! How will I get to work? Damn them! Damn them!” Another bus quickly appeared, however, and Silva finally settled in.

But as the vehicle glided along the asphalt, he confronted his own conduct with the statements he had made upon waking, and only

then did he recognize that he, so confident in extolling the harmony of the world, could not bear a pair of torn pants without a quarrel.

So convinced in promising himself balance in the Lord, he could not accept an incomplete meal. So quick to proclaim his prior forgiveness of human offenses, he had not been able to kindly accept the request of an unhappy relative. Finally, so solemn in asserting himself on the foundations of understanding, he had not hesitated to descend from noble language to that which befits cursing slang...

Ashamed for having fallen so quickly from serenity to disturbance, he began to realize that, between him and Humanity, the home was emerging, demanding his assistance and affection, and that he would never receive the peace of Christ from outside without being willing to receive it from within.

18

ABOUT THE DEATH PENALTY

You ask how the discarnate spirits view the institution of the death penalty, and add:
"Is it not fair to take the body away from the spirit that has become criminal? Is it lawful to allow a pervert to commune with normal people?"

From here we could argue: "Who among us has used the body as it should be used? Who has reached the spiritual stature of true humanity to consider themselves in full balance?"

The execution of a death sentence, in most cases, is the premature liberation of the soul that has thrown itself into the abyss of darkness. We know that only the penalty of living in the flesh is capable of bringing about the recovery of those who have confessed their guilt before human courts.

It is no use chasing away flies without healing the wound. Eliminating the flesh does not change the spirit.

If a murder victim cannot forgive or move past the crime, they may focus intensely on their attacker. This fixation can lead to obsession. Likewise, those executed by the state, when not remembered as heroes or martyrs, may influence society in negative ways after death. This can create discord and unrest.

Courts cannot resolve crime alone; healthcare and education must also be involved.

Without teachers and doctors, judges with a clear conscience will always be tormented by the obligation to arrest and convict, descending from the dignity of their robes to stand shoulder to shoulder with those who dedicate themselves to the flagellation of others.

The function of criminal justice, within a civilization considered Christian, is, above all, to re-educate.

Without fraternal understanding at the basis of our relationships with one another, we will not distance ourselves from the labyrinth

of retaliation, which seeks to convert the world into an eternal sinkhole of recurring evils.

Jesus, the divine liberator, came to break the shackles that bound us to the principles of punishment equal to guilt.

Education is the driving force behind the process of redeeming minds that have been crystallized in darkness.

Organizing a reforming penitentiary, where service and books find appropriate application, is the solution to the dark problem of criminality among men, even because society's best effort against the delinquent is to let him live, in reparation for his own faults.

Each spirit breathes in the heaven or hell that it has formed for itself...

Here, we have the “field of effects,” and there, in the world, the “field of causes.” And while the soul lingers in the “field of causes,” there is always an opportunity to repair and readjust, improving the consequences.

It is not by dying that we will find ease for reconciliation. It is by learning from the harsh lessons of the dense matter’s school that our moral qualities are refined for the ascension of the spirit.

No one, therefore, will need to be troubled, provoking this or that claim through violence.

The law of universal harmony operates on all planes of life, taking care of everything restoring at the opportune moment.

As for the act of condemning, who among us will prove capable of exercising such a right?

How many of us are not indisputable wrongdoers, simply because we did not find the prey at the precise moment of temptation? How many crimes have we perpetrated in thought?

Only education, grounded in love, will redeem us from the multi-millennial night of ignorance.

If you demonstrate such great interest in the regeneration of customs, defending with such enthusiasm the supposed legality of the death penalty, search your own heart and conscience and verify if

you are free from faults. If you have already overcome the obstacles of animality, acquiring a great understanding at the price of sacrifice, I would like to know if you will truly have the courage to curse the sinners of the world, throwing at them "the first stone."

19

TRIALS

You ask yourself about the reasons that lead Divine Power to keep a poor young girl, covered in sores, on a humble cot, relegated to public assistance.

And you add: "Why expose an unfortunate girl to such flagellation? Is there no mercy for those who drag themselves along in poverty, when there are so many signs of heavenly help in the homes of the fortunate, blessed with superior knowledge and abundant food?"

Were it not for reincarnation, the key to spiritual growth and redemptive upliftment for all spheres of earthly life, your questions would truly be unanswerable.

However, my friend, human existence, in its fundamentals, obeys the basic principles of logic and harmony that prevail in ordinary sowing.

As long as we do not cultivate the planetary soil in its entirety, we will be confronted by unfortunate land, here or there, populated by treacherous serpents or victimized by immense wounds of erosion.

If we do not plant correctly, we will not harvest successfully, and if we neglect the harmful or useless vegetation, we will be bothered by thorns and brambles of all kinds.

You are astonished by the pain, but you do not refer to the debts incurred. You see the ashes and do not remember the fire that produced them.

In matters of unredeemed commitments and the suffering that follows them, we are surprised by the remnants of our old transgressions, like a believer in despair, forced to gather the pieces of his idols, which time has shattered in its unchanging march.

It is the Law that is fulfilled, harmonious, and calm. And don't tell me there are imbalances in the processes in which it operates, because, in the current world, we have to consider the issue of the "mass" and the problem of the "residue."

Evolution guarantees new panoramas for law, but wars still erupt for the hegemony of force; science has solved the enigmas of nutrition, however, there are still those who die of hunger from duodenal ulcers.

Freedom triumphed over slavery; yet, millions of people are still imprisoned on the face of the Earth. While it is undeniable that dueling and poisoning have disappeared from tribal customs among the most cultured peoples, violent and deplorable deaths continue, by the thousands each year, in the very machinery of progress.

I have rediscovered friends from other eras who, indebted to the Divine justice courts for the bonfires they lit to their enemies, now suffer the "wildfire" in the intimacy of their physiological organization.

Thus, they have returned to the Earth, because the moral vanguard of the world no longer tolerates religious persecution or the unbridled political tyranny.

I have also enjoyed the rapprochement with unforgettable companions from the past who, accustomed to tearing the flesh of their adversaries, for the simple pleasure of wounding, now contemplate the ruin of their own bodies, in the afflictive bitterness of leper colonies and sanatoriums.

The bonfire that extinguishes debt is today called "pemphigus foliaceus," and yesterday's blow, bleeding those who bled, is known as "Hansen's bacillus." In the end, however, my friend, everything is a beneficial readjustment.

Imagine life on Earth as an immense spring, from whose edges crystal-clear currents flow in all directions: it is the "mass" progressing, valiantly, towards sublime horizons.

And let us think of ourselves, individuals still rooted in evil, as the mud on the banks or the sludge at the bottom: it is the stationary "residue," undergoing the need for great transformations.

Such a picture provides a pale account of the truth. Therefore, may God strengthen and bless us on the path of purification.

20

GROUND ZERO

Expressing distressing anticipation, the newly disembodied believer addressed the guiding angel of the heavenly customs office, explaining:
"I was very familiar with the works of Allan Kardec, whom I invariably considered an unassailable master. The books of the Codification watched over my bedside. I devoured all their considerations, notes, and dictations, and never doubted survival...

The spiritual official clarified, however, unperturbed:
"Yet, your name is not listed here among those credited with ascension to the sanctified spheres. I am therefore compelled to instruct you to return to our former arena of purification on the Earth's crust.

“Oh! The body! The intolerable burden!” sighed the candidate, clearly disappointed.

He gathered new courage, however, and continued:

– Perhaps I didn't make myself understood. I was a convinced spiritist. From a very young age, I embraced the sacrosanct principles of the Doctrine, which is, today, the saving light of Humanity. Not only was Allan Kardec my instructor in the discovery of the Revelation. I followed the experiments of Zollner and Aksakof in the areas of transcendental physics, with particularized studies of mediumistic phenomenology.

I meditated intensively to fix the knowledge I possess. Flammarion, in the original French, was my favorite companion for nights and nights in a row. In his company, my thoughts wandered through distant constellations, anticipating the glory I thought I would achieve beyond the grave.

Léon Denis was the mentor of my philosophical wanderings. I delighted in his books, absorbing his vivid and ever-new elucidations. And Delanne? In it, without a doubt, I situated the wellspring of my scientific inquiries. I sought to confront his observations with

the studies of Claude Bernard, the eminent physiologist, thus acquiring a legitimate basis for meticulous analyses.
Not to mention only the great Latin figures, I should add that Crookes' experiments were lovingly followed by me through the news. The moving pages of "Raymond," with which Oliver Lodge surprised the world, brought tears to my eyes that I will never forget. And, in order to ground points of view on the solid ground of the spirit, I did not content myself with Westerners.

I devoted myself to the lessons of the Orientalists, dwelling particularly on the examination of the teachings of Ramakrishna, the enlightened modern who molded disciples of the stature of a Vivekananda. In Brazil, I had the honor of attending sessions presided over by Bezerra de Menezes during my formative years, attentively following the development and growth of many doctrinal centers.

Faced with the silence of the heavenly servant, the precious student paused briefly and observed:
"With such extensive knowledge, I believe that my position as a spiritualist should be recognized."

“Yes,” replied the attentive angel, “your diligence in acquiring knowledge is evident.”

You bring along a vigorous and well-supplied brain. Exquisite reading and excellent theories.

“And you do not suppose me capable of crossing the barrier?”

"Unfortunately, no. Your vibrations lean downward, and you do not appear prepared to live in an atmosphere more subtle than that of earthly flesh."

Far from penetrating the true meaning of the words he heard, the believer added:
"What about the Bible? Hasn't my intimacy with the Divine Book given me the right to elevation? From Moses to Revelation, I have made incessant deflections.

I ardently worshipped David and Solomon, among the elders, and not a day of my existence passed without meditating on the greatness of Jesus and the sublimity of his teachings. In my old office,

there are various pages, written by me, on the Gospel of John, which I interpret as being the divine zone of the New Testament...

Pausing for a moment, the newly deceased asked again.

“Don't you think that my faithfulness to the sacred texts is a fair passport to ascension?”

“Undoubtedly,” replied the angel, "your conceptualization is full of illuminating images. Even so, I cannot go against the reality that compels me to indicate to you the return to attend to the services that you must perform."

“God!” cried the interlocutor, disappointed. “What then?”

– In this passage – explained the angelic helper – we have a true set of titles, and these titles are expressed here by the works of each one. Without lived experience and service rendered, the spirit does not vibrate in the precise conditions for the journey to the Highest.

Your mental portrait reveals a powerful and valuable individuality, identical, in essence, to a ship, vast and well-finished, full of riches, utilities, and adornments that has never left the port for navigation. Under such conditions...

– However, I have done no harm to anyone...

– It is clear that your spirit is noble and well-intentioned.

– Then – inquired the believer, half-exasperated – what is my position as a convinced man? Who am I? How am I, after having studied exhaustively and believed with such fervor and sincerity?

The angel, perhaps saddened by the need to be frank, explained without hesitation:
"Your position is enviable compared to the disturbing drama of many people. You demonstrate a clear conscience before the Law.

You have no commitments to evil and are perfectly qualified for the journey into the realms of good. However, when it comes to ascending to Heaven, I see that your heart is at square one. No one rises without a ladder or without strength. My friend knows a lot. Now, it is necessary to do... And before the reticent smile of the heavenly official, the interlocutor said nothing more, falling into a deep silence right there.

21

ANSWERING

My dear M...

Inquiring about how the Spirits interpret the problem of atomic war, in short, you ask how we, the disembodied who cling so tightly to the Gospel of Jesus, appreciate the evolution of scientific technology on the human plane, and, without hesitation, I want to tell you that the progress of intelligence on Earth today is truly enormous.

Who would have thought, at the dawn of this century, that the world would be led to the conveniences that currently favor life? Powerful aircraft cross space at supersonic speed, and ocean liners, resembling cities, float on the sea, eliminating distances.

Tourists travel from one place to another more easily than our ancestors did when they moved from their village to the neighboring hut.

Through radio waves, a reporter based in Rio hears information from Tokyo with more certainty than a verbal response whispered in one's ear between four walls, and, thanks to the wonders of television, the family does not need to leave the comfort of their home to follow, with attention, the great public events.

In the field of medicine, progress is surprising. Even the heart has been successfully addressed by surgical instruments.

However, my friend, it pains us to observe the delay of feeling when compared to reasoning.

Very often, the engineer who builds admirable bridges, solving distressing traffic problems, and does not know how to walk peacefully inside his home.

There are skilled surgeons who remove duodenal ulcers and extirpate cancer, ignoring how to occlude domestic heartbreak.

We have scholars who analyze the position of remote galaxies according to the latest notes from Palomar, yet fail to see the need for love in their households.

We find travelers who tour the entire Earth, spending millions, yet are unaware of how to live in peace in the home where they were born.

You have specialists of all kinds.

Some idealize skyscrapers and build them with ease. Others invent machines of all kinds, from heavy tractors that level mountains to tiny devices that slice eggs.

There are professionals who bring electricity into the smallest corners of life, sparing our arms from tiresome labor.

Yet, we still do not know how to resolve the disharmonies of kinship, the mysteries of animal passions, the pains of boredom, the tendencies toward suicide, or the oddities of vanity.

Quarrels between husband and wife, malicious gossip, disillusionment with friends, the ingratitude of many young people, and the grumpiness of many old individuals are persistent moral wounds that affect people in every era, demonstrating the unchanging nature of human struggles.

I think, then, how important it would be to create machines that would give us judgment and balance, honesty and patience, discernment and shame. However, my dear friend, such values cannot be acquired with aluminum or steel, gold or iron, monkey serum or terramycin.

They constitute talents of the Spirit that must be conquered at the price of our own effort. Therefore, it is not worth ascending to the stratosphere and descending to the oceanic abyss, flaunting the vain pride of those who dominate on the outside, defeated on the inside.

That is why we, the disembodied Spirits, aware of our own debts and weaknesses, cling so ardently to the living Christ, the Giver of victorious immortality, because, for us, above all, it is important to improve our hearts and learn to live.

22

ENCOURAGING LETTER

After seeing several remarkable examples of materialization, you began to notice significant changes in your perception.

You described seeing some spirits appear briefly embodied before you. Their surprising clarity led you to understand the beauty of life.

When the flashes of inexpressible lights went out, you returned, almost discouraged, to your usual tasks.

The memory of the suggestive revelations lingered in your mind; however, the public thoroughfare seemed colder to you, and the domestic environment, where no one was fond of your ideas, seemed like a prison for your thoughts.

The next day, as you resumed your usual work, your less enlightened companions in struggle were harder to bear.

Your mind had shifted. Like a woodcutter examining a power plant, you began to feel the weight of working with ordinary coal.

Why feed the fire with logs of wood when there is accessible and efficient power available?

Tedious fatigue weighed on your heart.

And you noted, astonished, the vigorous conflict between your soul and reality, through an uncontrollable mismatch.

Wouldn't it be reasonable to abandon all activity considered inferior and set out in search of clarity from above? Would it be worth continuing to face the clay of the pottery in which you work, when immortality was revealed to you, indisputable and brilliant?

However, it must be considered that if the seed could awaken to the greatness of a ripe ear of corn and were no longer subject to its duty in the muddy soil, the world would naturally be deprived of bread.

Still, the spiritual plane does not intend to bring hunger or idleness to Earth.

The planet is a school where incarnated intelligence receives the lessons it needs.

Between the indigenous hut and the civilized castle lie many centuries of culture, with vast and astonishing experiences; and between the palace of men and the sanctuary of angels, there are still many centuries to walk...

The Christianity you embraced with such sincerity and tenderness remains full of teachings in this regard.

Before Mount Tabor, where blessed spirits materialized alongside the Master in indescribable transfiguration, Peter, dazzled, asked for a hut to be built there so that they would never return to the mundane world. Yet, the great apostle is carried away from there to the whirlwind of routine action, in which he lost and won several times, under the heel of human vicissitudes, until achieving true exaltation through martyrdom and sacrifice.

Paul is enveloped in a flood of blessings in the vicinity of Damascus, but instead of accompanying the magnanimous Christ who embraces him, he is suddenly summoned to wander for many years among disappointment and stoning in the midst of the crowd.

What else?

The Master Himself, in the Garden of solitary prayer, feels visited by a divine angel who descends from the firmament in sublime splendor; yet, far from following Him in a triumphal chariot to the Higher Spheres, He descends into prison, suffers the insults of the threatening mob, and marches, humiliated, to crucifixion.

Thus, do not turn the excellence of the revealing stimulus into discouragement for natural work.

Imperishable values do not arise immediately.

Time and effort are the keys to the growth of the soul.

If elevated spirits reappear in the exchange between the two circles of life to which we adjust ourselves, it is because they are inspired by the ministry of charity and wish to awaken men to higher notions of justice and fraternity, so they may strengthen and improve themselves before the continuity of life and individuality beyond the grave...

If you have been called to the potter's tasks, attend, as much as possible, to your inner enrichment, in the studies and services that our Consoling Doctrine offers, but do not forget the bricks and pipes, tiles and vases that your industry has been invited to materialize.

Establish ease and abundance so that those less fortunate in resources and intelligence may build their nests to shelter poor human birds on their afflicted pilgrimage through erraticity.

Strive for your name to be praised and blessed by those who buy and sell, those who manage and obey, convinced that, if we must not forget to contemplate the stars, we will not find the path to them if we do not light a lamp on the ground.

23

THE GREATEST CHARITY

To the Man who had reached Heaven, asking for guidance on the tasks of social benevolence he intended to extend on Earth, the Angel of Charity spoke compassionately:
– Return to the world and willingly fulfill the obligations that destiny has assigned you!...

So that you may feel upright each day, millions of microscopic lives strive within your flesh, ensuring your well-being...

Each organ and limb of your body selflessly supports you, so you may become a blessed disciple of civilization.

Your eyes identify the images you can already perceive, freeing you from inner disorder.

Your ears select sounds and voices lest you live disoriented.

The tongue helps you express your thoughts, enriching you with wisdom.

Your hands fulfill your dreams, enhancing your path in science, art, progress, and industry.

Your feet support your physical machine, so you do not fall into inertia.

Your mouth chews food lest you condemn yourself to inaction.

The lungs ensure you have clean air against suffocation.

The stomach digests the food that nourishes your own blood.

The liver generates vital forces that maintain your organic harmony.

The heart moves unceasingly, supporting your existence.

You live off the charity of countless lower lives that obey your mind.

Return, then, to the place where the Lord has placed you and fulfill the immediate tasks that the world has in store for you! Charity is:

- Serving tirelessly, even when a minor illness asks you to rest.
- Cooperating spontaneously in good works, without waiting for the invitation of others.
- Improving oneself in what one does to be more useful.
- Enduring the bitterness of one's companion without rebelliousness.
- Helping relatives without reproach.
- Rejoicing in the prosperity of one's neighbor.
- Summarizing a two-hour conversation in three or four sentences.
- Not distressing those who accompany us.
- Turning a deaf ear to slander.
- Maintaining good humor, dismissing complaints of any origin.
- Respecting each person and each thing in their proper place.

Don't waste a minute on pointless inquiries.

Bring the problems that torment your spirit to your own work, and your own work will settle them…

Experience clears the path for those who acquire its treasure of light.

Take in helpless children, support the sick, console the unhappy, and help the needy.

Do not forget, then, that the fulfillment of your duties toward your neighbor will always be your greatest charity.

24

KARDEC AND NAPOLEON

Shortly after Brumaire (November 9, 1799), when Napoleon became First Consul of the French Republic, a great assembly of wise and benevolent spirits gathered on the night of December 31, 1799, in the heart of Latinity, in the Higher spheres, to mark the significant entry into the new century.

Ancient personalities of Imperial Rome, pontiffs and warriors of Gaul, notable figures from Spain, gathered there awaiting the significant event.

Legions of the Caesars, with their standards, phalanxes of warriors from the Gallic world and groups of pioneers of Hispanic evolution, associated with multiple representatives from the Americas, guarded symbolic lines of prominent position.

But it wasn't only the Latins who were represented at the great conclave. Illustrious Greeks, recalling the confabulations of the glorious Acropolis, famous Israelites, remembering the Temple of Jerusalem, Slavic and Germanic delegations, great figures from England, Chinese sages, Hindu philosophers, Buddhist theologians, sacrifices to the Olympian deities, renowned priests of the Roman Church and followers of Muhammad were there, as in a vast convocation of the forces of science and culture of Humanity.

In the concert of brilliant delegations that formed there, with all their representative splendor, emerged Spirits of old fighters for progress who would return to the earthly struggle or who would follow it closely, to combat ignorance and misery, in the laborious preparation of the new era of fraternity and light.

In the dazzling spectacle of Higher Spirituality, with the radiance of their souls, were found Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Apollonius of Tyana, Origen, Hippocrates, Augustine, Fénelon, Giordano Bruno, Thomas Aquinas, St. Louis of France, Vincent de Paul, Joan of Arc, Teresa of Avila, Catherine of Siena, Bossuet, Spinoza, Erasmus, Milton, Christopher Columbus, Gutenberg, Galileo, Pascal, Swedenborg and Dante Alighieri, to mention only a few heroes and champions of earthly renewal; and, in less glamorous areas, were found, in the marvelous enclosure, workers of a lower order, including many of the illustrious guillotined figures of the Revolution, such as Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre,

Danton, Madame Roland, André Chenier, Bailly, Camille Desmoulins, and great figures like Voltaire and Rousseau.

After the brief words of some eminent guides, invisible clarions sounded in the direction of the carnal plane and, in brief moments, from the bosom of the night, which veiled the cyclopean body of the European world, emerged, under the guard of enlightened messengers, a small cortege of shadows, which seemed strange and hesitant, confronted with the fairy-like irradiations of the festive palace.

It was a group of souls, still incarnate, who, constrained by the Celestial Organization, returned to spiritual life to reaffirm their commitments.

At the head came Napoleon, who captured the interest of all those present. He was indeed the great Corsican, in his usual attire and with his characteristic hat.

Received by various figures from ancient Rome, who hastened to offer him support and assistance, the victor of Rivoli occupied a radiant armchair that had been prepared for him beforehand.

Among those who followed him on this singular excursion were respectable authorities reincarnated on the Planet, such as Beethoven, Ampère, Fulton, Faraday, Goethe, John Dalton, Pestalozzi, Pius VII, as well as many other champions of prosperity and the independence of the world.

Confined in the spiritual vehicle that bound them to earthly flesh, almost all of the newcomers were bathed in tears of joy and emotion.

The First Consul of France, however, had dry eyes, despite the extreme pallor that covered his face. Receiving the praise of several legions, he limited himself to responding with discreet nods when the bugles sounded differently, as if they were flying towards the heights, in the direction of the immense infinite...

Immediately, a road of light, like a drawbridge, projected itself from Heaven, connecting to the prodigious castle, giving passage to countless shining stars. Upon reaching the delicate ground, however, these stars transformed into human beings, haloed with celestial light.

Among them all, however, one stood out in superiority and beauty. A glittering tiara shone on her head, as if to halo her magnanimous gaze, full of attraction and sweetness, with blessings. In her right hand, she held a golden scepter, embroidered with sublime sparkles...

Invisible musicians, through the zephyrs that passed hastily, burst into a Song of Hosannas, without articulated words. The crowd showed deep reverence, many of the sages and warriors, artists and thinkers kneeling, while all the banners of the vexillaries were lowered silently in a sign of respect.

It was then that the Corsican burst into tears and, rising, advanced with difficulty toward the messenger carrying the golden staff, kneeling before him.

The heavenly emissary, smiling naturally, promptly lifted him up and tried to embrace him, when the heavens seemed to open before everyone, and an energetic and sweet voice, strong as the wind and velvety as the unknown melody of a fountain, exclaimed to Napoleon, who seemed electrified with fear and joy at the same time:

- Brother and friend, hear the truth that speaks to you in my spirit! Here you are before the apostle of faith, who, under the aegis of Christ, will unveil a new cycle of knowledge to the tormented Earth...

Yesterday, Caesar, today a guide, pay homage to the pontiff of light! Renew, before the Gospel, your commitment to assist it in its reborn work!

Here, fighters of all ages gather with us. Patriots of Rome and Gaul, generals and soldiers who accompanied you in the conflicts of Pharsalus, Thapsus, and Munda, remnants of the battles of Gergovia and Alesia surprise you here with sympathy and expectation...

In the past, on the absolute throne, you claimed to be a descendant of the gods, using this to dominate the Earth and annihilate your enemies...

Now, however, the Supreme Lord has granted you a cradle on an island lost in the sea, so you do not forget human smallness, and

has determined that you return to the heart of the people you once humiliated and mocked, to guarantee them the gigantic mission, together with Humanity, in the century we are about to begin.

Placed by Celestial Wisdom in the position of helmsman of order, in the sea of blood of the Revolution, do not forget the mandate for which you were chosen.

Do not believe that the victories with which you were invested for the Consulate should be attributed exclusively to your military and political genius. The Will of the Lord is expressed in the circumstances of life. Anoint yourself with courage to govern without ambition and rule without hatred. Resort to prayer and humility so that you do not hurl yourself into the precipices of tyranny and violence!

Appointed to consolidate the peace and security necessary for the success of the selfless apostle who will unveil the new era, you will be visited by the monstrous temptations of power.

Do not be fascinated by the vanity that will seek to crown your brow... Remember that the suffering of the French people, persecuted by the scourges of civil war, is the price of human freedom that you must defend, even to sacrifice.

Do not stain yourself with the enslavement of weak and oppressed peoples, nor tarnish your commitments with exclusivism and revenge!

Remember that, obeying the injunctions of the past, you were reborn to guarantee the spiritual ministry of the disciple of Jesus who returns to earthly experience.

Take advantage of the opportunity to sanctify the sublime principles of goodness and forgiveness, of service and fraternity of the Lamb of God, who hears us in his glorified throne of wisdom and love!

If you honor your promises, you will complete your mission with the recognition of posterity and climb to higher horizons in life, but if your responsibilities are neglected, dark afflictions will pile up on your hours, which will become dark moans in a vast desert...

Within the new century, we will begin preparations for the third millennium of Christianity on Earth.

New understandings of freedom will develop, science will advance significantly, and civilized nations will end the captivity and trafficking of living beings.

Religion will also remove barriers that have long restricted the highest aspirations of the human spirit. We entrust you with the leadership of these new developments and wish you every success.

Songs of joy and hope announced in the heavens the arrival of the 19th century and, while the Spirit of Truth, followed by several resplendent courts, returned to the Highest, the unforgettable assembly dissolved...

The apostle who would be Allan Kardec, holding Napoleon in his arms, nestled him against his chest and kindly accompanied him until he reconnected him to his body of flesh, in his own bed.

*

On October 3, 1804, the messenger of renewal was reborn in a blessed home in Lyon. The First Consul of the French Republic, once free from the beneficial and protective influence of the Spirit Allan Kardec and his collaborators, acted decisively.

As these spirits gradually returned to the flesh, confident and optimistic, he adorned himself with the purple of command. Intoxicated with power, he proclaimed himself Emperor on May 18, 1804, and ordered Pius VII to come and crown him in Paris.

Napoleon turned heavenly concessions into bloody adventures. By determination of the Highest, he was hastily placed in the healing solitude of Saint Helena, where he awaited death.

Meanwhile, Allan Kardec erased his own greatness in the humility of a schoolteacher. Often tormented and disillusioned, as a simple man of the people, he totally fulfilled the divine mission he brought to Earth. He inaugurated the Christian-Spiritist era, which will gradually be recognized in all corners of the globe as the sublime rebirth of light for the whole world.

25

LITTLE INSECTS

You declare yourself exhausted by the internal conflicts of the Spiritist institution to which you have been a devoted servant, and you reveal yourself hungry for a solution to the problems that torment your former house of faith.

Quarrels among companions and constant hostilities have undermined the temple altar, where you have often witnessed the manifestation of Divine Providence through selfless messengers of light.

Today, instead of brotherhood and trust, enthusiasm and joy, discord and doubt, discouragement and sadness reign in the sanctuary.

You ask us for clarification, however, regarding the matter, I remember an old and valiant tree that I knew in my early childhood. Green and strong, it resembled a cathedral in the prodigious work of Nature.

Full of nests, it was the favorite palace of the songbirds that, in its fronds, trilled happily. Exhausted drovers found in its shade, which protected a crystalline spring, comfort and peace, rest and shelter.

Lumberjacks, from time to time, stole living pieces from it, and ungrateful pilgrims stole precious branches for various uses. Terrible storms fell upon it, annually, oppressing and tearing it apart, but it seemed to rebuild itself, always more beautiful.

Lightning struck it on many occasions, but the robust tree would reappear, sublime. Furious gales periodically bent its crown, severing vigorous branches; The prolonged heatwave inflicted a terrible thirst upon her, and the torrential rain often surrounded her with heavy debris...

The trunk, however, always adorned with thousands and thousands of sap-filled leaves, seemed unshakeable and invincible.

One day, however, some tiny creatures began to penetrate it imperceptibly. No one would attribute any significance to them.

Microscopic, colorless, and almost unreachable, what harm could they bring to the giant of the soil?

Travelers and field servants did not identify their presence. But the tiny creatures multiplied indefinitely, invaded the roots and won the heart of the vigorous tree, devouring it, little by little... And the plant that had overcome the threats of the sky and the temptations of the Earth, in a short time, sad and withered, turned into dry wood, destined for the fire.

Also, in this way, my dear, there are many respectable associations that neglect due precautions against dangers, apparently unimportant.

They are admirable in charity and in resistance to external blows. They endure, with heroism and serenity, strange trials and forceful stoning. They confront slander and malice, persecution and public scorn, with unwavering patience and indefinable moral strength...

However, when visited by the invisible worms of envy, jealousy, misunderstanding, or suspicion, they quickly become disturbed and fall apart, unable to recognize that personal sensitivities are parasites that destroy the best organization of the spirit.

When gossip invades an institution, the demon of intrigue takes it upon itself to cloud the living water of understanding and harmony, annihilating all the divine seeds of worthy work and spiritual improvement.

What to do? - You ask, haunted.

In my new condition, I know only one remedy: our individual and collective adaptation to the real practice of the Gospel of Christ. Against the corrosive creatures of degrading selfishness, let us use the antiseptics of the Good News.

“If anyone wants to reach the divine light of resurrection with me,” said the Lord, "**deny yourself, take up the cross of your duties every day, and follow in my footsteps.**"

When we are able to make this journey, forgetting our worm-eaten susceptibilities, we will be beyond the reach of the sinister microbes of darkness, immunized and at peace in our own hearts.

26
THE INSATIABLE SERVANT

Weary from the immense struggle he endured in the lower spheres, Belino Castro begged the Lord for the blessing of reincarnation.

He was tired, he said.

And because he wept bitterly, a Heavenly Messenger snatched him from the empire of shadows and brought him to Earth.

Delighted, Belino received an honorable task.

He would be reborn for the work of Christian brotherhood.

In addition to the natural services that concerned his own recovery before the Law, he would be a helpful benefactor to the sick. He would protect them, distributing courage and consolation in the name of God.

"You need not be overly concerned with acquiring material elements for the execution of the task," said the divine emissary; "keep your hands on the generous plow of work, and your service will attract the resources you need."

"But," pondered Belino, worried, "what about when unforeseen and special difficulties arise?"

– Use prayer and then channel your strength toward the goal. The suppression will then be delivered to you by us, through seemingly casual circumstances, for the service your should perform.

Belino returned to the body in a home of excellent evangelical formation.

From an early age, he was instructed in truth and goodness.

Still young, he received from Above the incessant call to his ministry, and for that reason, he used to say:

"I feel that I have a blessed mission to fulfill, in favor of the sick. I often dream of myself standing beside numerous patients, wiping away tears and cleaning wounds. I will not rest until I can build a large hospital."

However, Belino conditioned the construction on certain factors

that he considered essential. Therefore, instinctively remembering the divine benefactor's recommendation, he usually prayed, channeling his own strength.

– “I could help the sick,” he said, “but I was waiting for a good job.”
And the good job was granted to him.

– “Yes,” he affirmed, “now, to acquire security, I need a good marriage.” And he achieved this aim.

– I must have robust children to help me, he pondered.
And robust children adorned his arms.

– Everything is proceeding regularly – he acknowledged –, but a house of my own is indispensable to my peace.
And the house of his own appeared, comfortable and spacious.

– To be useful to the sick, he added, I cannot be alienated from good books.
And a precious library enriched his family temple.

– Without good business, I cannot throw myself into enterprise, – he considered.
And good business came to his aid.

“A private car would solve my time issues,” he claimed.
And soon, a cozy car was added to his property.

“Now, it is imperative to earn a good income,” he asked Heaven, in a moving plea.
And a good income surrounded his name.

“I want more income,” he insisted, whining.
And more income came.

At that point, the sons were already grown, and Castro begged for material favors for them, and the favors he requested appeared.

Then, noticing that the boys were troubling his thoughts, he pleaded for the arrival of worthy daughters-in-law for the family environment. And the daughters-in-law arrived.

Belino, however, continued begging, begging, begging…

One day, when he was asking for favors for his grandchildren, death arrived and said to him:

– My friend, your time is up.

The man, greatly frightened, cried out to himself.

– My God! My God!... What about my task? I cannot leave Earth without fulfilling it... I haven't even been able to visit a sick person yet!...

The newcomer, however, gave him only a few moments for the blessing of prayer.

Castro, anxious, took the Testament of Christ and, with trembling hands, opened it hastily. With wide eyes, he came across these words in verse twenty, chapter twelve of Luke's notes:

- ***"...This night, they will demand your soul, and what you have gathered, to whom will it belong?"***

But before Belino could give himself over to new and desperate petitions, death temporarily extinguished the light of his brain and led him back to Spiritual Life.

27
IN THE HOME SPHERE

You ask what role Spiritism will have in the study of social relations. I answer simply: joined with Christ, our movement is the key to peace between people.

Have you perhaps reflected on the importance of widespread understanding regarding the justice that governs our lives and the fraternity that we must build on Earth?

Sociology is not a study in an office. It is a living work that concerns the man's core, in order to shape for him the environment of substantial progress.

You refer to the bitter problem of unhappy marriages as if matrimony were the only enigma in the human pilgrimage, but you forget that the incarnate soul is surprised, at every step, by dark labyrinths in the life of association.

Often, individuals who have not yet resolved their differences are reborn together as family members. Through shared challenges and responsibilities, they work to overcome past conflicts and restore harmony.

These challenges are not limited to spouses. Complex family dynamics can also arise between parents and children, or among siblings, leading to deep-seated conflicts fueled by resentment, jealousy, and unresolved emotions.

Hospitals, and especially mental asylums, present a significant number of patients, who are nothing more than spiritual mutilated of this terrible and bloodless war in the trenches masked under the name of home.

Doctors baptize them with various labels, in the sphere of complicated diagnosis; however, in the depth of the causes, lies the malignant influence of consanguineous relatives who, frequently, copy the attitudes of the savage and enraged tribe.

Every day, similar human rags cross the porticoes of health centers or charitable institutions, like the indefinable remains of shipwrecked sailors, lost in a stormy sea, searching for the firm ground of the coast, through the moving wave.

Have no doubt.

Homicide, in its many forms, is intensely practiced without visible weapons in all the corners of the planet.

Almost everywhere, we see fathers and mothers expressing tenderness towards their children, who often rebel against them whenever they appear prosperous and happy.

There are siblings who cannot bear the superiority of those who share their name and experience, and companions who only rejoice in goodwill during times of need and misfortune.

No one can deny the existence of love at the heart of the multifaceted unions to which we refer.

Though, this love is still found, like uncultivated gold, embedded in the hard and blunt gravel of selfishness and ignorance, which sometimes kills without intention to destroy, and wounds without perceiving the innocence or greatness of its victims.

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For this very reason, Spiritism with Jesus, inviting us to sacrifice and kindness, knowledge and forgiveness, clarifying the origin of our antagonisms and reporting on the dramas we all have lived in the past, will light a torch in each heart.

It will lead rebellious or sick souls to a just understanding of the sublime program of individual improvement, in favor of collective tranquility and the ascension of all.

Unveiling the broad horizons of life, the New Revelation will expand hope, the stimulus to virtue and education in all intelligences matured in good will, who will come to understand in the worst family situations small regenerative courses, hastening to accept them with serenity and patience.

They will realize that pain and death are invariably the officers of Divine Justice, functioning with absolute balance, in all directions, uniting or separating souls, with a view to the prosperity of Infinite Good.

Therefore, my dear, spare me the obligation of further comments, which would become tedious in our age of rapid enlightenment, through the condensation of matters concerning the uplifting of the Earth.

Observe and meditate.

And when you realize the immense illuminating power of Christian Spiritism, you will identify Jesus as the Divine Sociologist of the World, and you will see in the Gospel the Golden and Light Code, in whose pure and simple application lies the true redemption of Humanity.

28

SIMPLE NOTES

Interviewed on television, you, my friend, distinguished journalist, stated that disembodied writers are turning Brazil into a great necropolis, and you added ironically:
“Why don't spirits devote themselves to other artistic activities? Why doesn't Da Vinci come and paint a canvas that will mark his unmistakable glory, as proof of survival? Why isn't Chopin's musical genius heard in spiritist sessions, attesting to the continuity of life beyond the grave?”

However, only we, poor scribblers of carnal life, in your opinion, return to the physical arena, earning for the conquest of publicity, hungry for evidence...

And you, overflowing with sarcasm, end the conversation by suggesting that the collection of our warnings is nothing more than mystifications, in which mediums, like gossip magazines, make themselves creditors of the attention of justice itself.

Your questions and considerations, transmitted to thousands of viewers hover in the air, and we do not presume to answer them. If we were there, wearing the flesh suit at your side, perhaps we would adopt your point of view without any disagreement.

For this very reason, accepting your provisional view, we only wish to tell you that there is no shortage of artists here, willing to face, with greater breadth and depth, the staff and the brush, in order to collaborate in the sublimation of earthly art.

Yet, companions who embrace their ideal of beauty and renunciation are scarce in the world, accepting the necessary discipline for the achievement of the works they would intend to realize, although already exist, in Brazil and among other peoples, mediums of sound and color, building remarkable achievements that you are unaware of.

Move around, step a little away from your gallery of censors, and seek them out. You will find them, doing the best they can, under the guidance of great disembodied intelligences who, naturally, only entrust them with what they are capable of receiving.

As for the rest of us, who still write to redeem our sins, forgive us for these pages, now stripped of any academic pretension. Believe that, nowadays, we do not simply produce literature. We would deserve hell if we were still here as fiction writers interested in the fame that the worms have destroyed.

We find ourselves in the blessed construction of the spirit, using the talents of the word, like the artisan who uses the merits of the brick to build the human edifice.

With this, we attempt not only to rectify our faults but also to contribute to the edification of justice and love, solidarity, goodness, responsibility, and understanding among creatures so that tomorrow's Earth may be less troubled than today's Earth.

We simply seek to inform you that death does not exist and that the grave is a kind of photo booth, revealing the true portrait of our consciousness, so that you may become capable, in the manner of Jesus, of enduring the demands of time...

In order to carry out this attempt, we have no other recourse but writing. Note that writing is not so undignified. You, with your respectable title of Roman Catholic, cannot forget that the first direct gift from Heaven to men, according to the Bible, was the Book of the Ten Commandments, of which Moses became the unyielding guardian.

If a sacred vessel on Earth holds the light of Christ for the nations, it must be agreed that this vessel is still the book, which archives the word of love and light.

Therefore, with all due respect to painters and musicians, discarnate or not, I beg you not to look down so much on your brothers in letters. Rest assured that, perhaps in the near future, you will be personally in our company and will feel a mad desire to erase your written mistakes.

And may you find a conscious and charitable creature who will help you mediumistically in the pious undertaking, for that is our sincere wish, because, without a doubt, to our port of surprise and renewal, the boat of your life will also arrive, today or tomorrow.

29
THE GREAT REAPER

Commenting on certain difficulties of genuine Spiritist propaganda, old Jonathan, a former follower of the Gospel in our field of spiritual action, took the floor and spoke, smiling: “In the Master's time, similar obstacles were no less significant.”

The Lord's glorious mission was underway when several legions of supposed disciples of the Good News appeared on the margins of evangelical activities. Disorganized crowds, under the command of leaders who claimed to be followers of John the Baptist, swarmed on the banks of the Jordan River, dispersing throughout Palestine and Syria.

Leaders of popular revolts against Roman rule heard the Lord's lessons. They then used His teachings to sow discord, claiming it was for the sake of human solidarity, in villages near Tiberias.

Everyone raised their fiery voices, asserting that they spoke in the name of the Divine Renovator.

Jesus, the Nazarene Messiah, was among men, invested with the authority indispensable to the formation of a New Kingdom.

He would destroy foreign rulers and wipe out dictators. Precious discourses were heard in the upper rooms of the people and in the rustic settings of nature, exalting goodwill and the communion of souls, devotion, and tolerance among people.

Thousands of listeners heard, enraptured, the preachings, ecstatic and happy, as if they were already breathing in a new world.

However, amidst the whirlwind of vibrant and noble concepts, there were those who, collecting money to help widows and orphans, deliberately neglected it to enrich their own pockets.

There appeared the opportunists who, taking on the task of Indoctrination regarding fraternity, used the exquisite and well-crafted phrase to carry out the lowest political maneuvers.

That is why, at a certain twilight, when the crowd gathered around

the Master by the waters to receive His comforting words and wholesome teaching, Simon Peter, a man fond of blunt frankness, taking advantage of the long pause the Eternal Benefactor had given to the narrative itself, directly questioned Him, asking:

“Master, what shall we do with those who exploit the idea of the Kingdom of God? In many places, we find those who form service groups, in the name of the nascent Good News, stirring up hearts for their own benefit.”

They stir up the popular mind and make promises they cannot keep... In Bethsaida, we have the phalanx of Berechiah ben Zenon, who leads it with dominant enthusiasm, appropriating your sublime message to solicit the drachmas from poor fishermen, claiming to dedicate them to the sick and widows.

Yet, although he helps a small number of unfortunate people, he keeps for himself the greater part of the collected offerings. Even today, in Capernaum, I heard the brilliant preaching of Aminadab ben Azor, who takes advantage of Your divine lessons to induce people to indiscipline and disturbance, notwithstanding that he pronounces affirmations and prayers that comfort those who suffer on the arduous paths of life...

How should we act, Lord? Is it right for us to submit to the cunning of the ambitious and the shrewdness of the scoundrels? How to relegate the Gospel to the domination of those who surrender to vanity and the greed for possessions, to egocentrism and madness? Jesus meditated for a few moments and replied:

– Simon, first of all, it is necessary to consider that confessed crime finds its correction in the law. He who steals is robbed, he who deceives others deceives himself, and he who wounds will be wounded...

– But, Lord – the apostle continued –, in the process under examination, I believe it is necessary to consider that the evils resulting from false propaganda are immeasurable...Is there no recourse to stop them immediately?

The Exalted Friend considered patiently:

– If there are judges in the world who were born for the hard task

of rectifying, here we are for the work of helping. We cannot forget that the true disciples of the Good News, attentive to the mission of love that falls to them, do not have the time and inclination to share the activities of their less responsible brothers...

Furthermore, based on their own words, we are not dealing with companions who have completely forgotten the concept of charity.

You said that Berequias ben Zelou, at least, helps some unfortunate people who surround him on his path. Aminadab ben Azor, within the senseless words he utters, includes teachings and prayers of value for those in need of light... And if we were to weigh the hopes and possibilities, the longings and virtues of the thousands of temporary friends who accompany them, how could we justify any condemnatory sentence on our part?

The insightful comment hung in the air, and, as no one responded, Jesus cast his gaze to the distant horizon, as if appealing to the future, and dictated the parable of the wheat and the tares, which is found in chapter thirteen of Matthew's writings:

“The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field; but while he slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went away.

When the wheat sprouted and formed heads, then the tares also appeared. The servants of the landowner came and said to him, ‘Sir, didn’t you sow good seed in your field? Where then did the tares come from?’ He said, ‘An adversary did this.’

The servants said to him, ‘Do you want us then to go and gather them up?’ But he answered, ‘No, lest we gather up the tares while we eat the wheat. Let both grow together until the harvest. At that time, I will say to the workers, “Gather the tares first to be burned, and gather the wheat into my barn.”

Christ fell silent, lost in thought...

However, Simon, unsatisfied, asked again:
– But... Lord, Lord!... In our case, who will gather the truth, separating it from the lie?

The Master smiled again and replied:

– Peter, time is the great reaper... Let us wait for him, fulfilling the duty that is incumbent upon us...

Life and justice belong to the Father, and the Father will decide on matters of life and justice...

As no one objected to His lesson, the Master fell silent to demand, in turn, other teachings...

The old Jonathan fell silent and, in our turn, with sufficient material for study, we all separated to conclude and meditate.

30
LETTER FROM A DEAD MAN

You ask me for news from the cemetery during the All Souls' Day celebrations. Since then, I have in my hands a letter from a friend, now in the Spiritual World, addressed to another friend who is still on Earth.

On this subject, I will share with you, with his permission, the letter I transcribe here, without any reference to names, to leave you with the beauty without personal notes.

.

Here is the text in its pure and simple form:

“My dear friend, you cannot imagine what it is like to surrender your stiff carcass to the earth on the second of November.

A true tragedy for the inexperienced dead. You will remember that the burial of my old body, ravaged by disease, took place, at dusk, when the decorated necropolis looked like a house in celebration.

I found myself sadly installed in the hearse, standing guard over my remains, reflecting on the misery of human life...

Contemplating from afar my wife and children, who were crying discreetly in a large rented car, I meditated on that ancient saying of Solomon – "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" – when, at the entrance to the cemetery, I was suddenly dislodged.

In the restless crowd of the living in the flesh came the enormous mass of another nature’s living. They were disembodied by the hundreds, who touched me curiously, between sarcasm and commiseration.

Some directed indiscreet questions to me, while others deplored my fate.

With great difficulty, I followed the coffin that carried my motionless skeleton and, in vain, tried to cling to my weeping wife.

I could barely hear the prayer that some friends offered me, because, suddenly, the tumultuous wave swept me away from the innermost circle.

In vain I tried to return to the humble quarter where they placed the shadow of what I had been in the world...

The earthly visitors of that mansion, belonging to the supposed deceased, brought with them an immense throng of suffering and rebellious souls, perfectly bound to themselves.

Many of these Spirits, chained to our human companions, cried out at the foot of the tombs, recounting the hidden crimes that had hurled them into the dark abyss of death.

Others carried in their hands accusatory documents, clamoring against the insanity of relatives or against the venality of courts that had altered their dispositions and desires.

Parents shouted against their children. Children protested against their parents.

Many souls, especially those whose remains are located in expensive tombs, penetrated the intimacy of the sepulcher and, from there, uttered terrifying groans and sobs, trying in vain to raise their own bones to proclaim to their loved ones truths that the human eardrum hates to hear.

Many disembodied spirits spoke of titles and financial deposits lost in banks, of unused lands, forgotten houses, valuable objects, and works of art that had slipped through their hands, now empty and thirsting for material possessions.

Disheveled women cried out for vengeance against cruel men, and frowning and restless men vociferated against foolish and delinquent women.

Perhaps because I still carried with me the scent of my physical body, many considered me still alive on Earth, capable of helping them solve the problems that tormented their minds, and they poured out allegations and complaints, libels and testimonies upon me.

I observed that doctors, priests, and judges are the most discussed and criticized people here, due to vows and promises, wills, and aids, in which they did not always meet the expectations of the deceased.

On many occasions, I have heard from Spiritist friends the assertion that there are always many dead people obsessing over the living, but, recording biographies and narratives, listening to weeping and cursing, as well as seeing the real portrait of many, I believe today that there are more living people flagellating the dead.

They shackle them to the delusions and passions of the flesh, by the contempt with which they treat their memory and by the hypocrisy with which they visit their graves.

So great were my obstacles that I could no longer see my relatives during those solemn hours, given my uncertainty as a newcomer, and only when the men and women, almost all of them protocol-driven and indifferent, had withdrawn, did the terribly tormented and unhappy souls empty the room.

They left us behind, the freed ones in peaceful difficulty, and made me realize that the tumult in the home of the dead was a simple consequence of the disturbance reigning in the home of the living.

Once the atmosphere calmed, the cemetery seemed to me a bright and welcoming nest, where I did not lack friendly arms, answering my pleas, and the city around it then appeared to me as a vast necropolis. It was populated with mausoleums and crosses, in which the incarnate and disincarnate spirits live the agonizing drama of moral death, in terrifying compromises of the shadow.

As you can see, while Humanity is not prepared for respect for eternal life, it is very unpleasant to embark from Earth to the Beyond on the day dedicated by it to the cult of the dead, who are sympathetic and unsympathetic to it.

Ask Jesus, thus, that you may not come here on November 2nd. Any other date may be useful and valuable, provided that you detach yourself from there naturally, without any insult to the Law.

Also, ask the Lord that, if possible, you may travel to meet us on a cloudy and rainy day, because, when it comes to your peace, the smaller the funeral procession, the better."

As the document does not provide additional information, I will also conclude without providing any further commentary.

31
IN COMMON LEARNING

Inspired by several spiritual friends, respected investigators gathered in a large room for materialization services.

There, in solemn attitudes, a dozen well-dressed gentlemen and ladies of good taste, with admirable appearances, each striving to particularize their own personality, gathered.

Following the conversations, with the cordial malice of an observer who has not yet fully detached himself from the illusions and disillusionments of the flesh, we recognized that the copious amount of knowledge in the expressively adorned group was astonishing.

A professor of doctrine gleefully commented on Richean's theories, extolling the physiologist's individuality; all the most outstanding ideas of the famous creator of Metapsychics were scrutinized, touched upon by modern conceptualizations of negativist philosophy.

His books were examined, one by one, with meticulous verbal precision, and soon after, an intellectual companion explained the research of Lombroso and Oliver Lodge; mediums from the United States, England, and Italy were identified, one by one, with elaborate descriptions.

The Fox sisters, Ualientine, Mrs. Roberts, and Eusapia Palladino, as well as other renowned mediums, suffered cruel analysis.

It is essential to determine the influence percentage of the mediumistic apparatus in communications, they exclaimed emphatically, as if they constituted the highest court in the world, for the appreciation and judgment of truth. Various theses were brought to study.

The rigid rays, nervous excitement, subconscious emergences, vulgar hypnotism, and even demonism were remembered with intense interest.

Ochorowiez, Barrett, De Rochas, and Gibier were revered with unquestionable attention.

A more romantic lady referred to Flammarion and dwelled on Astronomy, commenting on the latest observations from Mount Palomar.

She pointed out with correct diction and undeniable beauty the infinity of life, which pulsates in suspended homes, around wonderful constellations. Sirius and Arcturus, the nebulae of Andromeda and Orion, appear in her well-inspired words, revealing her thorough knowledge of the classics on the subject.

Other companions referred to new experiences in Belgium and France, offering lengthy and insightful comments.

It is difficult to find an assembly so profoundly enlightened in matters of science and reality. The vision of the evolutionary path, the solution to the problem of being, and the enigma of death, the knowledge of victorious spirituality shone through every well-crafted sentence.

The time of the meeting between the living from the Beyond and the living in the flesh appears on the common clock, and a lip prayer resounds in the environment, with all the grammatical precision of Camilo or Herculano...

A hundred spiritual workers strive, suffer, and sweat to materialize an entity that exposes itself to direct contact with the observers, crying with distress at the responsibility that the phenomenon involves in its most intimate structure, lingering for more than an hour, under the unpleasant control of the reduced assistance, which, at the end of the work, relates a vast harvest of poisonous doubts...

The door opens and, in the middle of the public street, some spiritual messengers of charity lead, to that handful of princes of intelligence, two ragged and hungry men, potential suicides, overcome by the black disease, imploring them for help. Though, no one, not even one of them, turns to the two human wrecks, who drag themselves aimlessly.

Awestruck by what he saw, Fagundes, a newcomer to our circle, approached me and asked:

“My friend, why do these people gather, proving spiritual survival

with such brilliant ideas in their heads and such coldness in their hearts?”

Convinced of the subject transcendence, and with no time for lengthy digressions, I could only reply:

“Fagundes, strictly speaking, I cannot answer you.”

I only remember that, on one occasion, while working for a newspaper, I accompanied a small gathering of economic and industrial magnates, laden with assistants and checkbooks.

They discussed the pound sterling and the dollar for consecutive nights, with the same fervor with which they examined the franc and the Argentine peso, studying ways to multiply the wealth that filled their coffers.

I was surprised to notice such knowledge of life and such business acumen in matters that concerned them; however, a few years later, I learned that all the members of the group had died of starvation, punished by cancerous ulcers in the duodenum or stomach.

Fagundes stared at me in a strange way as I said goodbye, but to this day I don't know if he understood what I wanted to say.

32
BRIEF MESSAGE

You are correct when you say that the world has changed significantly and that living in it now requires considerable courage.

The last fifty years have brought about a gigantic upheaval in the customs of the Earth.

The patriarchal house that we had inherited from the 19th century has transformed into the apartment hanging from skyscrapers; the smoky locomotive is almost a rare museum jewel ahead of the airplane that eliminates distance; the provincial newspaper has been replaced by the newspapers of the mainstream press; and the home gatherings have disappeared, before the invasion of radio, whose programming dominates the world.

The automobile, the ocean liner, the movie theater, and the television are just a few of the many fast-moving information sources that are changing people's perspectives everywhere.

And the guarantee of citizens? Safety laws protect workers and bosses, as well as men, women, children, and teens in almost every country.

There is the right to strike, leave, litigation, and paid rest.

There are captains of industry and commerce, accumulating magical wealth from one day to the next, as long as they do not evade the taxes related to the monopolies they run against economic harmony.

We have workers enjoying inexplicable impunity in the destruction of the houses where they work, with indiscipline protected by legal grounds.

There are young people supported in the spread of frivolity and lies, without any constraint on the part of the forces that administer public life.

We are not being pessimistic.

We know that the world remains under the mystical government of divine reins, and we do not ignore that any disturbance is a passing phenomenon, due to the imbalance of the region itself where the imbalance arises.

By making these observations, we only want to show that people today are freer and, as a result, less connected to themselves.

In great periods of transition, such as the one we are going through now, we are called upon by Divine Wisdom to prove our inner maturity and capacity for self-direction.

This results in apparent disorder, in which we are compelled to reveal our own individuality.

In collective organizations, social groups, work teams, or the domestic sphere, today's man is forced to appear as he is, immediately classifying himself by his own conduct.

The dissensions, conflicts, struggles, and clashes of all kinds give the impression of chaos, provoking the cries of decadence prophets.

Thus, the souls who have not armed themselves with faith and have not remained faithful to the simple roots of life suffer terrible psychic disasters, placing them in the dark realms of mental alienation.

Madness grows in all directions.

The asylum is the last frontier for the sick of mind, since they are agitated in all sectors of our time, like consciences that, driven to self-examination, try to flee from themselves, humiliated and terrified.

Therefore, believe that the best way to avoid falling into the hands of psychiatrists is the real adjustment of our personality to the Christian principles we embrace, because the problem concerns the soul and not the flesh.

We will not need to discuss this.

The current hour of the Earth is undeniably painful, but today’s

storm will pass, as did those of yesterday.

Let us take refuge in Christ. The Lord is our fortress.

If we have enough courage to live Christianity in its purest form, as solitary bearers of our cross, we can bravely face the crisis and say to it with a confident smile: "Let's see who can do more."

33
EXPLAINING

No, my friend. When I detached myself from my physical body, almost twenty years ago, the title of "spiritist" did not classify my convictions.

As happens to many good people, I believed more in what I saw with my eyes and felt with my hands. I read the Gospel of Jesus and combed through the impressions of various survivors.

Nevertheless, without serious study objectives, but rather in the extravagance of the intellectual chatter that goes to the fields of the spirit, shouting uselessly and pecking here and there to disturb the growth of the plants and harm their production.

I was a man too occupied with the Earth to devote myself to the revelations of Heaven.

My thoughts lay so vigorously embodied in worldly concerns that not even the Herculean strength of illness could move me toward the intimate visions of the higher life.

Isolated in the fortress of my supposed intellectual superiority, I laughed or wept in literature, believing, however, that faith was the prerogative of ignorant and simple creatures, unworthy of brains immersed in greater cogitations.

I was situated between doubt and irony when death, as bailiff of Divine Justice, summoned me to appear in the tribunal of reality, sooner than I supposed.

Only then did I begin to take an interest in the gigantic effort of men of goodwill who, in the most diverse climates of the Planet, dedicate themselves today to solving the unsettling enigmas of destiny and being.

The tomb is not just a door of ash.

To die is not to end.

Bathed in the fight of truth, by the grace of God, I joined the immense caravan of those who awaken and work on their own

recovery. Do not be surprised, then, if I continue in my humble writing endeavors, trying to guide my faculties towards good. It is what I can do, since I do not have adequate specialization for any other task.

You ask why I am currently dedicated to Spiritism with Jesus, when I was an interpreter of bawdy literature, publishing several spicy books, and a passionate politician in the party I joined, as a defender of the interests of my land.

Believe me, I erred greatly. I haven't always managed to balance on the tightrope of earthly conventions, and many times I fell scandalously in the middle of a performance, in front of those who applauded or jeered me.

However, death forced me into inner readjustment. I awoke to a new day and seek to communicate with those who are still in the shadows of the night.

I admit I could have done worse. If I had let myself be overcome by temptation, I would have effectively joined the vast ranks of Spirits stubbornly clinging to their inherent perversity, riding on the shoulders of my enemies.

Something, however, matured within me. That which once brought me pleasure now causes me repugnance.

Experience has shown me the useless part of my life and, by the Lord's grace, I have returned to the field of my own sowing, no longer to tarnish the service of Nature, but to collaborate with good, for my own benefit.

That is why I am still writing...
Convince yourself, however, that I no longer possess in the vessel of my heart the dark ink of sarcasm and be certain that I feel excessively distant from any miracle of sublimation.

I am only a man... disembodied, with the healthy purpose of regenerating myself.

You will therefore understand from this confession that under no circumstances could I claim to be a spiritual guide to my neighbor.

The grave does not transform the flesh it devours voraciously, into a mantle of sanctity.

We are after death what we were, and many people, who walk around masked, find here resources to be even more cruel. As for me, giving thanks to God for finding myself in the condition of a repentant sinner, beating my own chest and crying out – "mea culpa, mea culpa..."

Our true guide is Christ, Our Lord. Without Him, without our application to His teachings and examples, we will always breathe in the old blindness that hurls us into the precipices of misfortune.

Let us seek Him, then, and help one another, and you, who so generously take an interest in my renewal, do not forget the eight letters of light that shine upon your name.

Being a "Spiritist" means identifying with Jesus, the apostolate of redemption. And that you continue with the Master, loving and serving, in the constant encouragement of good, is the noblest thing I can wish for you.

34
MODERN VERSION

And, responding to his companion who had asked him for a translation of the Sermon on the Mount, in modern language, the old friend stopped at chapter five of the Apostle Matthew, and spoke, with a full and vibrant voice:
– Blessed are the poor, free from dark ambitions, vain dreams, empty projects, and misguided illusions, who live by doing good works with the little they possess, helping in silence, without the mania for personal glorification, attentive to the will of the Lord and distracted from the demands of personality.

They will live without new debts, on the path to Heaven, which will open its golden gates to them, according to the sublime dictates of evolution.

Blessed are those who know how to wait and weep, without complaint and shouting, enduring slander and sarcasm, without hatred, seeing in their adversaries and the circumstances that wound them, blessed goads of divine help, impelling them forward on the redemptive journey, for they will truly be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, the delicate, and the gentle who know how to live without provoking antipathy and discontent, maintaining their own points of view, but granting to others the same right to think, opine, and experience that they feel they possess.

Respecting each person, each thing in its place, time, and condition, they balance body and soul within harmony, inheriting long permanence and valuable lessons on Earth.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for justice, awaiting the pronouncement of the Lord through the inevitable events of life, without quarrels in courts and disturbing paperwork that only deepens the wounds of affliction and annihilates time.

As they are working and always learning from the living teachings of the world, indeed, one day they will be satisfied.

Blessed are the merciful, who have compassion for the just and the unjust, the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, understanding

that there are no one without problems, always ready to work in fraternal assistance to all, because, on the day of struggle and difficulty, they will receive the support and collaboration they need.

Blessed are the pure in heart who project the clarity of their pure intentions on all situations and on all things, because they will find the "better part" of life everywhere, managing to penetrate the greatness of divine purposes.

Blessed are the peacemakers who tolerate without resentment the small sacrifices of each day for the happiness of all, and who never add fuel to the fire of discord with the wood of injury or rebellion, because they will be considered obedient children of God.

Blessed are those who suffer persecution for the love of solidarity, order, progress, and peace, recognizing, above the sensitive epidermis, the evident interests of humanity, and serving constantly to the common spirit enhancement, as they will qualify for the just transfer to the activities of the Higher Plane.

Blessed are those torn apart and bruised by lies and slander, scourged daily by the reaction of darkness for the love of the sanctifying ministry of Christ, but acting valiantly, with patience, firmness, and kindness for His victory.

These will become candidates for the triumphant crown of the celestial prophets and of the Master Himself, who found among men only the heavy cross, before the glorious resurrection.

At this point, the enlightened preacher let his penetrating and clear gaze wander over our group and, after a brief pause, with a broad and beautiful smile on his lips, he concluded serenely: “Rejoice, all who are in these conditions, because today and tomorrow they are blessed on Earth and in Heaven...”

Then he resumed his light pace forward, leaving us in the strange quiet and hidden inquiry of those who are disposed to think.

35
PRAYER IN THE FACE OF TIME

Lord Jesus!

As the calendar turns, let us kneel before you and beg for your compassion. You who were before we were, who protected us, in the name of the Creator, in the unfathomable night of origins, do not turn your gaze away from us, lest we lose the fertilizer of blood and tears, originating from civilizations that died under the yoke of violence!

You determined that Time, like a silent minister of your justice, should follow our every step...

Over the centuries, we have carried the burden of illusion, extracting from it the gold of experience.

From the cradle to the grave and from the grave to the cradle, we have been masters and slaves, rich and poor, nobles, and commoners.

However, in every position, we have lived in constant flight from the truth, chasing triumph and domination for our old selfishness.

In governance, we nurtured vanity and misery.

In subservience, we fostered despair and insubordination.

In fortune, we were proud and useless.

In want, we lived intemperate and spiteful.

In administration, we prolonged crime.

In obedience, we catered to revenge.

We resisted all Your appeals, in dark labyrinths of oppression and delinquency, when You came to teach us the liberating path.

You did not limit Yourself to believing in the glory of the Heavenly Father.

You extended to Him incomparable goodness.

You did not confine Yourself to the faith that renews.

You embraced the love that redeems.

You did not linger among the chosen of virtue.

You shared the atmosphere with the victims of evil to lead them back to good.

You did not isolate Yourself in mere prayer.

You offered helping hands to the needs of others.

You did not isolate Yourself, alongside the venerable dignity of Salome, the blessed mother of the sons of Zebedee.

You welcomed Magdalene, possessed by seven dark demons.

You did not consider only Bartimaeus, the blind beggar.

You devoted generous attention to Zacchaeus, the rich man in need.

You did not merely advise fraternity towards Your neighbor.

You practiced it with devotion and affection, from the intimacy of Your home to the midday sun of the public square.

You did not preach the doctrine of forgiveness and renunciation exclusively for others.

You accepted the cross of mockery and death, with self-denial and humility, so that we might learn to seek with You the divine resurrection...

However, even today, almost twenty centuries after Your sacrifice, we have nothing but tears of remorse and repentance to fertilize the Sahara of our hearts...

In Your name, unfaithful disciples that we have been, we have

spread clouds of discord and cruelty across the horizons of the whole Earth!

That is why Time finds us today as poor and unfortunate as yesterday, for being disloyal to Your Gospel of Redemption.

Do not, however, leave us orphaned of Your blessing...

In the turbulent ocean of trials that we deserve, the storm roars in terrifying lashes... Our world, Lord, is a vessel that creaks under the strong blows of the wind.

Amidst the convulsions of the storm that sweeps us away and the abyss that looms before us, we cry out for Your help! And we trust that You will rise luminous and immaculate above the moving and treacherous wave, calming the fury of the elements and exclaiming to us, as You once said to the terrified disciples:

"Men of little faith, why did you doubt?".